

Her Floor Is My Ceiling

by persnef

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Summary: What if Xander knew something about Buffy? (B/A)

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Author: Persnef

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Rating: M, for some ideas and words

Disclaimer: The evil joss god owns the duchess of buffonia and all her compadres. The song 'her floor is my ceiling' is the Whitlams' and I'M SORRY. I beg of you, please don't tell the fow what I've done, but it's been bugging me ever since I got the 'love this city' album, and I had to write it, as it's been stuffing up my ability to write w/s fics. Feedback: Please. This is my first b/a, and I'm worried about it, so I would REALLY appreciate feedback. Note: This is a kind of what if song fic. What if everything that happened in the buffyverse actually happened, but Xander was privy to some information about Buffy?

BIG NOTE: I wrote this weeks ago, before Buffy...before Buffy...before...before she fucked fishboy! So, I'm tempted to rewrite it, and add in some fish boy deathage, or something. So respond, if you like.

Dedication: Umm..its kinda to Serena. I hope she doesn't mind. It's just because, reading "Gifts From the Soul" made me feel a little bit better - and I haven't even seen 'the I in Team' yet!

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Her floor's my ceiling I know what goes on He finishes her quickly  
and then he gets up to go

I love Buffy Summers. Ever since I first laid eyes on her, on her first day at Sunnydale High. I was moving through the traffic on my skateboard, when I saw her walking by, a vision of loveliness, in her boots and her cute little skirt. I knew she was special. A gem to be cherished and treasured.

Even though I've admired many girls since then, and have been attracted to many women since then, none have captured my heart like Buffy has. They have all been petty substitutes; magnificent on their own but nothing in comparison, like paste gems compared to a refined diamond. She deserves nothing less than to be worshipped by every man on earth.

And then Buffy met Angel. No matter what I did, no matter what I said, I always came *\*after\** Angel. Nothing could come between them.

I don't just want Buffy because she's beautiful. Sure, that was what attracted me at first, but since then, I've just been overwhelmed by her inner light. It seems to touch everything, and I've always wanted her to share that light with me.

And one day, Buffy shared her light. With Angel. Who took it with him, and the world was a darker place.

I've noticed. She doesn't think anyone knows, but I knew two years ago, and I know now.

Buffy has a demon lover.

She walks to the lounge room and puts on a tape Lights up an Alpine and settles in for the night

Two years ago, Buffy had sex with Angel. And he turned into a soulless killer. And I hated Angel even more than I had when I caught my first glimpse of him.

The thing I hated was the fact that Buffy loved him so much, that that night had been, for her, the most wonderful night, that she couldn't destroy Angel. No, she couldn't destroy him, because she was desperately in love with him.

But whilst I may hate that fact, there is something about that time that I hate more, and no one has any idea about it, or that I know about it.

The worst bit, the thing that I hated the most about that period, wasn't that Buffy was in love with Angel. No, the worst thing, was that Buffy was in love with someone else as well as Angel.

She was in love with Angelus.

Giles thinks that Buffy couldn't kill him because of her love for Angel. Well, he had that bit right. It was her love and desire for Angel that lead her to have sex with Angelus.

Oh if she liked the look of me I'd get my act together Yeah I'd get my act together

Demon in control, demon not in control. Either way, it demonstrates

that she'd rather love a demon than love me. I'm just her Xander shaped friend. Nothing I do could ever be enough, not after both Angel and Angelus. Over two hundred years of pursuing and keeping women.

Whatever he did, it sure was effective. When Angel left for LA, she tried to move on, but no man could compare. During that time, while she was pining away, she barely ever looked at me. She could never look at me.

What Angel felt when he came back from hell, I don't know, but I could hazard a guess and say depression, or maybe disappointment in Buffy. He sure got over it quickly though, as I noticed when I saw the two of them kissing during that whole Glove of Myhnegon incident. I don't know if I could've forgiven Buffy for fucking my bad self and then sending me to hell. . . . Who am I kidding?

I would forgive Buffy anything.

The books that I read they are full of bravado But I'll sit and rot in the damp with a head full of her

She gave into her passions. Angel moved away because, and a credit to his foresight, if he stayed, he would lose his soul.

But after six months, Buffy couldn't take it anymore. One weekend she snuck off to LA.

Me, being the man that I am, followed her. I couldn't help it. Anya knew where I was going, and why, but she let me go anyway, mumbling something about obsession. I guess she's right. I am obsessed. And I guess she understands, too. Being a demon, I suppose she would have seen a lot of obsession, especially being so old.

So I followed her, and, surprise surprise, she went to see Dead boy. I guess Cordy and that Doyle guy weren't there. She didn't come out all weekend.

I almost missed her leaving late on Sunday night, but I did see her, and when I realised she was catching a bus back to Sunnydale, I drove on ahead.

Anya just smirked at me when I got back. She told me that I should never have let Buffy go and see Angel. And she was right too. I guess Anya still has some contacts in the demon community - and I guess she still doesn't care about humans either, because that was all she ever said on the subject.

Buffy arrived back in Sunnydale early Monday morning, and while everyone was in classes that morning, we received the news that Cordy and Doyle had been seriously injured, were in comas in hospital, and weren't expected to wake up.

At the Scooby Gang meeting we promptly held, Buffy looked upset and nervous. It was then I realised several things. Buffy had bruises. Buffy, the \*Slayer\*, had bruises. Buffy had stayed the weekend with the love of her life. Buffy's lover would turn into a soulless killer if she gave him a happy. The last time she gave him a happy, he stalked and tortured her friends. Cordy and Doyle had been viscously attacked, and left for dead. Added all together, the obvious

conclusion was:

Buffy had a demon lover once again.

We meet in the hall, there's a storm in my head What do you say,  
where do you go with a dream in a stone?

What was I to do? I thought about telling the gang, telling them all  
that it was Buffy's fault, that in her selfishness and  
self-absorption, she had released once again into the world the  
Scourge of Europe, killer of thousands.

But I couldn't.

Not to Buffy. She would be ostracised. She would have no friends, and  
it would kill her for Giles to give her that speech again.

I couldn't do it.

So every weekend, Buffy goes to see her demon lover. And she comes  
back to us, covered in bruises, but happy.

The demon makes her happy.

If only she could have thought that way about me.

If she liked the look of me I'd get an act together.

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Well? Was it okay? It's my first ever B/Aus, so be nice.

End  
file.